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PRESIDENT L. L. POLK
The National Farmers' Alliance Leader
Speaking in Kansas.
REPECHES HE IS SAID TO HAVE MADE,
In Which He Tells About His Serv-
ice in the Confederacy.
PARTIAL APPROVAL OF HUMPHREYS' PLAN
The Probability of a Third Party, and the
Part It is Likely to Play.
Other News.
TOPEKA, Kas., September 13.—[Special.]—
President Polk, of the national alliance,
has made three addresses in Kansas. Pres-
ident Polk's opening has been devoted
principally to himself. After giving his
boyhood history, he reached the war
period.
Was Forced Into the War.
He states that he did not go into the
war willingly. He upheld the
union until the wave of secession swept
over the south, when he did as many
others did who were forced to shoulder
their muskets. He had been offered the
command of a company, but refused it,
as acceptance would have been construed
into an endorsement of the cause whose
aims he carried.
He afterwards accepted the office he
held because by doing so he could indi-
rectly aid those who were fighting for the
preservation of the union and in a degree
mitigate the sufferings of those who, like
himself, had been forced to bear arms
against their country.
Upholds the Strikes.
While not speaking directly about the
contemplated strike of the cotton pickers
in the south, he said the oppressed agri-
cultural laborers should and shall demand
the right of naming the compensation for
their services, and until these demands are
satisfied to let every field in the land con-
tinue to rot and produce north or south.
"You here are fortunate in being your
own laborers, but the planters of other
states must be compelled to acknowledge the
God-given rights of laborers, whether they be
white or black."
"Some of our brethren have already made
their demands, and they will be granted or
other regions will contain only families ruined
by their own greed."
In an interview today, Colonel Polk stated
that the alliance movement was gaining
thousands of converts throughout the south daily,
and the great mass of farmers, planters and
laboring men had deserted the democratic
party and were standing squarely on the Ocala
platform. "I believe the third party will sweep
every state in the south in 1892. The old
houses down there have tried to bulldoze and
force the people to take their democratic medi-
cine, but without result. Within the past six
months I could have had any office in the gift
of the democratic party, but I would not sell
my principles for potage."
Mr. Polk uttered these words with feeling,
and declared eternal warfare on both the old
parties. The bloody shirt, he said, will be
wrapped around the old sectional agitators,
and they will be buried too deep for resurrec-
tion.
There Will Be a Third Party.
"Will the alliance conference at Washing-
ton in February declare for a third party?"
"I cannot say, but the time for a third
party. It might have been prevented four
months ago, but now it is too late. Our peo-
ple in the south have been abused and sneered
at by the democratic bosses and the demo-
cratic press, and we will stand it no longer.
The negro domination cry won't pre-
vent a break of the solid democracy.
We will take care of the negroes and
they are allowed to vote. They are largely
in this movement and will be an important
factor in the campaign next year."
"How about the pension question?"
"The alliance has nothing to say against the
pensioning of soldiers who fought for the
union. When we were defeated we accepted
the result as final and acquiesced. We shall
never raise our voice against the legitimate
pensioning of union soldiers. It is the result
of warfare and we can take hands with our
northern brothers who wore the blue and feel
that they are receiving only justice from a
government whom they helped to preserve."
Confident of Victory.
Mr. Polk said the people's party would, in
his opinion, carry every southern state next
year. The alliance was for the Ocala demands
and would have nothing else.
TO DEFEAT THE THIRD PARTY.
Democrats and Republicans in Kansas Are
Fusing.
TOPEKA, Kas., September 13.—[Special.]—
Not only have the republicans and democrats
fused in nine judicial districts in Kansas to
prevent the judiciary falling into the hands of
men who openly preach socialism and wink
at repudiation, but the determination to de-
feat the people's party organization whenever
possible, and thus protect the credit and good
name of Kansas, in the desire of all good
citizens without regard to party.
Democrats, as well as republicans, are dis-
gusted with the Peffer and Simpson school of
politics, and in many counties of the state a
combination ticket will be formed, and the
combined vote of both parties will be thrown
to defeat the people's party. It is believed if
this new movement can be generally defeated
if the county elections this fall, it will rapidly
disintegrate and become the minority party in
Kansas next year.
The republicans of Geary county, a people's
party stronghold, took the initiative in the
fusion, and many other counties will follow the
example.
It Was Nearly Unanimous.
The Geary county republican committee
met at Junction City, and by a vote of 40 to
1, decided to combine with the democrats to
defeat the Peffer and Simpson party. The
general feeling was that the material prop-
erty of the state demanded that both the old
parties lay aside political feeling and personal
jealousies long enough to defeat a party that
openly threatened repudiation and the enact-
ment of state and national laws which history
and common sense tell us are impracticable and
dangerous in the extreme.
The prevailing opinion was that it was the
duty of all republicans to meet the democ-

HE STOLE THE MONEY
And Then Made a Proposition to the
Bank Directors
TO ESCAPE FROM BEING PROSECUTED
That He Would Return the Securi-
ties and Keep the Money.
THE DIRECTORS ACCEPTED THE OFFER
And Met the Man in the Woods and
Signed a Paper—Other Crimi-
nal News.
SAN FRANCISCO, September 13.—The San
Francisco Examiner prints the following story
concerning the robbery of the Fidelity Trust
bank at Tacoma, on August 24th last. It was
heretofore believed that Albertson lost some
nine thousand dollars only in speculation,
and surprise was caused by the
extraordinary efforts made to capture him. It
now appears that he took \$20,000 in cash and
nearly a million in securities. Early on the
morning of August 24th a note was received
by Paul Schultz, a director of the bank, from
Albertson, saying he had lost \$10,000 of the
bank's money in speculation, and to force a
compromise, had taken \$10,000 more in cash,
and \$900,000 in securities. He would meet
him or one of his representatives, in the woods
at a designated place, and return the securi-
ties if given a written agreement not to prose-
cute.
The point chosen gives a commanding view
of all approaches, and Albertson said he would
die at once if he saw more than one man
coming to the rendezvous. Moreover, he had
changed the combination of the vaults and it
would take three days to open them. Mean-
while the bank's credit would suffer.
A meeting of the directors was held, and it
was agreed to accept the compromise. A man
was sent to the rendezvous with a signed agree-
ment not to prosecute. Instead of Albertson,
he found one Chaudier, a Tacoma gambler, who
was evidently an accomplice. The messenger
gave him the money, and received the securi-
ties and combination to the vaults. The man
separated, and the messenger saw Albertson
join Chaudier. The bank at once con-
sidered extraordinary efforts to capture the
thieves.
THEY THINK IT IS TASCOTT,
But the Tramp Says He Never Heard of
the Murder.
COLUMBIA, S. C., September 13.—[Special.]
The following additional particulars concern-
ing the arrest of the man supposed to be Tas-
cott, were received from Bamberg tonight:
Two common-looking tramps arrived in Bam-
berg yesterday in an empty box car. After
they had "taken in the town," and performed
their toilet in a horse trough on Main street,
and breakfasted from a sardine box, one of
them, who claimed to be a detective and gave
his name as Charles W. Stewart, made known
his business to Chief of Police Cove, which
was that he had been shadowing his companion
from Savannah, Ga., and believed him to be
the notorious William B. Tascott, the murder-
er of Millionaire Snell, in Chicago, in 1888.
After Chief Cove raised him, and asked him
if he filled the description of Tascott, he
promptly arrested him and placed him in the
station house. Inspector Marshall, of Chicago,
was immediately telegraphed.
Detective Stewart swore out a warrant to-
day (Sunday) against the supposed Tascott,
charged with the murder of Millionaire Snell,
and will have him removed to the jail
at Bamberg Courthouse tomorrow.
At Talk with the Prisoner.
The State correspondent had a long talk
with the incarcerated man today. He says his
name is J. W. Hardins; that he was born in
Dallas, Texas, and raised in Auburn, Ala., and
educated at Auburn college; was never in
Illinois in his life, and is perfectly found-
minded to know that he is arrested for a
murder that he never heard of before, and
says it will only take time for him to show
that he is not the man wanted. He says he is
a bartender by profession, but is now out of a
job and is trading in search of one. He
says he has a brother-in-law in Tuskegee,
Ala., by the name of Dr. C. M. Howard.
Hardins is a tough-looking fellow, but would
not be taken for a criminal. He has dark
brown hair, lower jaw receding, small moun-
tache, blue eyes, is five feet ten inches high,
and weighs 150 pounds; has the same scars
which Tascott is said to have on his neck,
and a scar on his hip. In fact, he almost ex-
actly fills the description of Tascott given in
the Detective World. He cannot say at what
place he was working at the time of the
murder. He claims that he has forgot-
ten. He requested that his name be not
given to the newspapers, as he did not want
to bring disgrace on his family, whom, he
says, are well-to-do people.
Stewart Ordered to Leave.
Detective Stewart, who has since been run
out of town, was also interviewed. Stewart
says he has no home. He was born among the
Sioux Indians in the wild west, and has been
all over the world, first as a sailor and recently
as a detective. Stewart is a sharper and no
confidence was placed in him.
Chief Cove telegraphed to Chief Hood, of
Augusta, today inquiring about Stewart. Hood
replied that Stewart was an ex-chiangling
bird. So Stewart was given two hours to leave
town by Chief Cove.
The authorities have taken the matter in
hand and will continue their investigations
until the Chicago authorities are heard from.
There is a large reward offered for the capture
of Tascott.
A MURDERER AT LARGE
Singing Vulgar Songs Before the Home of
His Victim.
COLUMBIA, S. C., September 13.—[Special.]
Policeman J. C. Burpee, of Midway, Barnwell
county, who was shot on the streets of that
town on September 5th, by W. L. McFall, a
tough character from the country, died last
night from the effect of his wounds. The
coroner's jury today rendered a verdict of
"wilful and felonious murder." The murder-
er is at large and defies the authorities.
Several weeks ago McFall was arrested for
disorderly conduct and fined \$9 by the coun-
cil, which he neglected to pay. On the 5th
Policeman Burpee accosted him as he rode in
town, telling him he had been instructed to col-
lect the fine or arrest him. McFall resisted, and
Barnwell drew his club to make the arrest when
McFall shot him twice. Burpee was so dis-
abled that he could not use his own pistol on
McFall, who immediately after the shooting,
ran. McFall subsequently surrendered him-
self to the sheriff when he thought Burpee
was out of danger, and was released on a
seven-hundred and fifty-dollar bond.
On Thursday last, however, Burpee such a

sudden change for the worse, and his phys-
icians declared he could not recover. When
McFall heard of this he paraded the streets of
Midway, armed with a Winchester rifle, sing-
ing vulgar songs in front of Burpee's residence
and defying any one to arrest him. Burpee
leaves a wife and a three-year-old child.
SIMMONS, THE JAIL-BREAKER.
The Citizens Will Probably Offer a Reward
for His Capture.
DARIEN, Ga., September 13.—[Special.]—
Efforts are being made to get up a suitable
reward for the capture of Joseph Simmons,
the robber, who escaped jail here on Tuesday
night. Sheriff Bailey has offered a reward of
\$50 for his capture, and he sincerely hopes
before another week rolls around that he will
be again lodged in his old cell. In justice to
the new jail, we would say that when Sim-
mons escaped the combination lock was not on.
The sheriff informs us that the combination is
never put on only in cases when desperate
prisoners are confined in jail.
Simmons' escape and the plans laid for the
same was one of the most concerted schemes
for liberty that we have ever heard of,
and Simmons is about the last man in the
world who would have been, for a moment,
suspected of such a plot to gain liberty. He is
certainly an inventive genius, as the false key
with which he gained his liberty shows. It is
also strange that he could strike a match in
the corridor, lift the iron grating from the
roof and break a pane of glass without being
detected. His escape is deeply regretted by
our people, for they were more than anxious
to see him punished for the crime with which
he stands charged and which he had already
confessed. The authorities should offer a
suitable reward for the capture of both Henry
Howard and Joe Simmons, and every effort
should be made to bring these robbers back to
justice. It is a reflection, yes, a disgrace, on
our county to allow these men to go at large
without the least fear of apprehension there.

ORTH STEIN IN JAIL.
John B. Raymond Turns Out to Be
Orth Stein
WITH \$10,000 ON HIS HEAD.
The Story of His Crimes and Hair-
breadth Adventures.
RUN DOWN BY A STONE MOUNTAIN MAN
Who Had Been Reading About the Mys-
terious Stranger Who Was Doing
Up the Towns of Georgia.
STONE MOUNTAIN, Ga., September 13.
[Special.]—Orth Stein, the galloping
journalist and the sick evader of detec-
tives has been arrested.
He is now securely confined in the De-
Kalb county jail.
And the men who made the collar are
impatiently awaiting the payment of that
\$10,000 reward, and are building air cas-
tles over it.
But air castles are like soap bubbles—
They often go to pieces, so completely,
too, that nothing remains to tell of the
pretty bubble, air-floating globe.
Stein was arrested here late last night
and an hour after the officers had pinched
him he remarked:
"Ah, well, don't give yourselves any
more trouble. I'm Stein, Orth Stein, the
man for whom you are looking."
Then tossing a half-smoked cigarette into
the fireplace, he turned upon his back and
went to sleep, sleeping throughout the
night as sound as a child who had yet
its first sin to commit.
Two or three days ago the papers began
printing stories about Stein, giving his past
career, and palping the offenses and
crimes laid to him. With these stories
went descriptions of the man, and before
the dash had been reached in any of
the publications, the reader was in fine
humor to believe that the man was com-
petent to commit any crime from coveting
to murder.
THE CONSTITUTION scattered the stories
of Stein's misdeeds to the four winds, and
it was through it that the man was ar-
rested.
Last night about 9 o'clock Mr. J. X.
Beauchamp, a well-known DeKalb county
man, was sitting in the hotel office here
reading THE CONSTITUTION. Among the
many things which interested and enter-
tained him was one of the stories about Stein,
in which a description of the newspaper
man was given. There was no one in the
hotel office with Mr. Beauchamp and as he
read his mind had full, undisturbed sway.
Finishing the paper the gentleman was in
the act of tossing it aside when something
darkened the doorway. Glancing up, Mr.
Beauchamp saw a tall, slender man of
thirty entering the hotel office. As he
stepped in the man asked:
"Can I get a room? Are you the prop-
rietor?"
Uttering the two questions in a breath
almost, the man passed toward the swinging
lamp, advancing toward the counter upon
which the hotel register rested.
As the rays of the light fell upon the
man Mr. Beauchamp first realized that he
was a stranger in Stone Mountain. The
next instant recollections of the description
of Stein went floating through Mr. Beau-
champ's mind. Quietly and calmly, how-
ever, he arose from his seat, and advancing
towards the stranger, said:
"The proprietor is not in, but I'll call
him."
Then as unconcernedly as could possibly
be he left the office in search of the hotel
man. In a few seconds he came back
with the host who, after seeing the
stranger register, assigned him to a room.
As the stranger registered, Mr. Beau-
champ sized him up carefully and as he fol-
lowed the hotel man from the office the
DeKalb citizen glanced at the register.
The stranger had recorded himself as W.
F. Clark, Atlanta. Only for a second did
Mr. Beauchamp ponder over the name.
He had already become satisfied that he
recognized the man as the flying journal-
ist.
Hurryling from the office, Mr. Beauchamp
hunted up J. S. McCurdy, the town marshal,
to whom he related his story. Marshal Mc-
Curdy quickly fell into line, and in a short
time, side by side, they were thumping on
the door to the room in which the stranger
was sleeping.
"Who is there?" asked a voice inside.
The man had evidently been asleep.
"Open the door," was the response.
A loud shuffling noise was heard inside,
and then the bolt shot back. The shuffling
noise was heard again, and then the
creaking of a bed.
"Come in," said some one almost before
the noise had ceased.
The officer pushed the door open and
walked in. He and his companion saw a
man lying in bed, and as they entered, he
remarked:
"Well?"
"We don't want to disturb you," said Mar-
shal McCurdy, "but we are on the watch for a
suspicious character and—and we thought
"Thought I might be the man," said the
man in bed, pleasantly.
Then before his visitors could speak he
added:
"Come in. There's no harm done, I assure
you."
The two men stepped up to the bed, and as
they did so the man remarked:
"Looking for that \$10,000 man, I guess?"
"Yes," was the answer.
"Well, you've made a mistake. I'm not
the man."
While this conversation was going on,
Marshal McCurdy was giving the man an oc-
casional weight and measurement. He became

quickly satisfied that Mr. Beauchamp's sus-
picions were correct.
"Where are you from?" he asked.
"Atlanta," was the answer.
"What's your name?"
"Clark, W. F. Clark," said the man.
"And your business?" asked the marshal.
"I'm in the fertilizer business. I have a
brother, John Clark—just telegraph him at
the Kimball and he'll tell you I'm all right."
"Where are your places of business?" asked
the marshal.
"In Atlanta and Florida—but have you a
cigarette?" asked the man indifferently.
The marshal produced the cigarette, and the
man raised on his elbow. With the first flicker
of a match he caught the fire and began puff-
ing away. A half minute went by in silence,
and then Marshal McCurdy said:
"Well, if what you say is true, it won't do
any harm to keep an eye on you. We ain't
going to disturb you, and you, I guess, won't
object."
"Certainly not. You still think that I'm
that \$10,000 man—that I'm worth as much to
you as Mike Kelly, the only Kelly, was to the
Boston club?"
And as he spoke he rolled out great clouds
of smoke and breathed pleasant, happy
smiles.
"If you ain't it won't hurt us to watch you,"
said Mr. Beauchamp.
"That's true," said the man on the bed,
"but they caught that man in Atlanta this
afternoon."
Mr. Beauchamp and the marshal exchanged
glances, but before their eyes dropped, the
man on the bed tossed the cigarette away
saying:
"Oh, well, it's no use. I'm the man you are
looking for. I'm Stein, Orth Stein, but
there's no \$10,000 reward for me."
The men hardly knew whether to be happy
or sad.
Throughout the night, however, they
watched the man who confessed that he was
Stein, and early this morning wired the At-
lanta detective bureau of their catch, and
asked that some one be sent to identify Stein.
The Atlanta detectives had been watching for
Stein for several days, and at once Captain
Wright decided to come to the mountain and
take a look at the prisoner.
A gentleman named Thornton, who lives at
141 Jones street, who knew Stein in Kansas
City, and who was a witness against him
when he killed Fredericks in 1883, was sent
for. Mr. Thornton was said to have seen
Stein in Atlanta at the Markham last Thurs-
day, and was requested to come to the moun-
tain. The prisoner had admitted that he
was Stein, but the officers thought it advisable
to fortify that declaration if possible.
Before the Atlanta party came the prisoner
had been taken from the hotel to the Justice
McCurdy's courthouse, where there is a pris-
oners' room—the same Revier, the murderer
of the Stone Mountain crook, was confined in
two years. There he was carefully guarded
by a special兵, assisted by a few friends.
Among those friends was Mr. Will R. McClan-
dian, well known in Atlanta, Decatur and
Stone Mountain. Mr. McClandian is six
inches shorter than the prisoner, but his face
bears quite a resemblance to Stein's at first
glance.
Mr. Thornton's coming had been well ad-
vertised, and as he entered the prisoners' room
every eye was upon him. Glancing around
the room, Mr. Thornton walked up to Mr.
McClandian, and, extending his hand, said:
"How do you do, Stein?"
"Everybody in the room smiled, and there
was an almost audible titter.
Mr. McClandian, however, dropped his
smile, and grasping the extended hand, re-
sponded:
"Howdy."
"Got you, have they?" asked Mr. Thornton.
"No, I guess they've got you," answered
Mr. McClandian.
The laugh was on Mr. Thornton, and the
real prisoner joined in. Then for the first time
Mr. Thornton saw his mistake.
But he couldn't enjoy it.
A minute later the prisoner called Mr.
Thornton to him, and for a few minutes the
two conversed pleasantly.
Stein knew Thornton better than Thornton
knew Stein.
"I bought many a cigar from you in Kansas
City," said Stein.
"Yes, I was a witness in your case," said
Mr. Thornton, "but I never had a chance to
testify. I wasn't needed."
"No one was needed," said Stein, "if I had
had a fair deal. That man Fredericks was
trying to kill me, and would have killed me
hadn't I killed him. It was a case of self-
defense and I would have been acquitted the
first time had not witnesses sworn falsely."
"You were convicted," said Mr. Thornton.
"Yes, and given twenty-five years; but my
father came from Lafayette, Ind., and with
General Wafford, once of Georgia, secured my
acquittal."
"Why, because of you then?" asked Mr.
Thornton.
"I went to my father's home in Indiana,
and would have been there yet had I been left
alone."
Then, with something like a mist in his eyes,
Stein turned away, and walking to a window,
said to himself:
"A minute later Mr. Thornton asked the officer
to let him out, and as he walked away, re-
marked:
"Poor fellow, I'm sorry for him. I now wish
I had never seen him."
"Is he the man you saw in Atlanta last
week at the Markham?"
"Yes, the same man. I thought I knew him then
and wanted to speak to him, but he was gone be-
fore I got the chance. He was dressed quite
differently then to what he is now, and wore
a short black or dark brown beard. I am sorry
for the poor devil."
After Mr. Thornton left the room Stein sat
in deep silence for a few minutes. Then ask-
ing for a match he lighted the stump of a
cigar. Some one present handed him a fresh
one, and with a smile the prisoner took it.
The smoke began to roll and he became more
cheerful. Pulling his chair close to Captain
Wright and Sheriff Austin he began talking
to them in a pleasant way, and as he talked he
smoked and smiled.
"It makes no difference what he's done,"
he said, "I'm not as black as I have been
painted. Since my last offense I have tried
hard to do right, but everywhere I go it's the
same old story."
"Why do you know," he went on, "I don't
believe I have had a kind, encouraging word
said to me since my poor old mother died."
And as he spoke his eyes filled with tears.
Then suddenly he gave himself a strong, vehement
shake, and with a shadow of a smile, added:
"Oh, well, it's better this way than eternally
hiding from everybody."
"Where are you wanted now?" he was
asked.
"I'd a drop of the eyelids and a hanging
head, he answered:
"Nowhere that I know of."
Then, raising his head and looking Cap-
tain Wright in the face, he said:
"That \$10,000 reward is a myth. Few men

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Kindness!
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apocalyptic ang
tell the length, h
have a tale of
and it is early l
eels, caught up
braced in the bo
again in the m
Psalms, and enli
New Testament.
gentle than might
wound kindness
strong enough to
will be well for
warm ourselves b
fellow voyagers a
have a tale of
themselves imm
they treated the
barbarous people
new.

Kindness!
A tent word break
clemency, benign
out of good wish
of others. Some
give you a definite
shine of the son
have a tale of
all graces. It is
tion of gentle m
Are you all throu
figure in your m
fame? But we a
felt its power. S
Paul felt it, on s
went to prison, be
again in the m
from "ahored" b
which "threw o

There is kindne
wound kindness
Christ the imper
You cannot
as a part, you c
dramatize it. B
make a kindne
rather a combina
clemency of the
venge or hatred
in the soul al
ties and Hittit
city forever. Ki
and even man
wound itself, ev
every dog well,
spirits full swin
need of societie
and make a kin
woman's a most
word until it w
venge or hatred
the world excep
technic celebrat
divinely impla
prayer, and the
till Paul it is
performe richer
sonette, and, as
music beauty be
have a tale of
And people wal
this way and th
are you looking f
in the world?
Infinite sweetne
will whelm ever

But are you
to be bound
Stupid kind
kindness has
sion of your
on a Malta
times, certaint
that kindness
the same rool.
healthy and rui
certain spirit
by experience,
ten minutes at
there has been
of the heart of
we saw him m
The liar? The
vices of the fac
themselves I h
and I have
themselves fr
to get even w
they you will
to be forgivin
good and pro
neasy and not

caught.

Fun in Ellijay.
ELLIJAY, Ga., September 13.—[Special.]—The small boys of Ellijay never let an opportunity slip for a practical joke, so on last Monday night while the Odd Fellows were organizing in the Masonic hall, they caught a billy goat and tied him to the door knob, greatly to the amusement of the crowd.

Death on Rattlesnakes.
SWAINSBORO, Ga., September 13.—[Special.]—Mr. Bird Thompson has a dog named "Rock." Last Sunday the treat rattlesnake bit his feet and two inches long with ten rattles and one or two buttons. She is a regular snake killer, having killed at least 100 snakes.

No. 1000. Right reserved to reject any and all bids. Estimated cost twenty-two thousand dollars. Plans, specifications and further particulars can be had by applying to
 May 23 64 W. M. GRIBB,
 Chairman Committee, Des West, S. C.

popularity, which can only be won by an article of real merit. Give it a trial.

It is absurd to suffer from Dyspepsia when
Simmons' Liver Regulator will cure you.

WANTED—House to rent. Cannot supply our demand. Watch & Tamm, 1014 E. 12th St. Wall st.

line in front of the house, \$500 for an 8-room house, 2-story (new); lot 50x 240, through to another street; on Angier ave. Those having small places for sale bring them and call us; we are buying from \$1,000 to \$1,500; we have customers for such property.

meter, built of brick and stone material, at an estimated cost of fifteen hundred dollars. Aid finances will be in order to be taken up for final action at the next regular meeting of council.

A. F. WOODWARD,
City Clerk.

13 & Fryer Street.

and stood up to the
Colonel Joe Howa
... And then Dr
... president of